

ENTRANCE

BALCONY

Loque is sitting down in a balcony that is in construction. He plays with small pieces of toys. He looks inside through the window.

Through the window we see the balcony empty and Loque closes the blinds [reverted action]

INSIDE

Through Fema's legs we see Loque looking inside her, through her pussy. Through her open pussy. He talks with her pussy.

Loque touches the pussy. He carress it. He comes closer to it.

FEMA

This entrance is an exit.

LOQUE

I can't leave here. I have so much here, I am so much. Leave for what? I need more, not less. There is no love there, no humanity.

FEMA

There is truth.

LOQUE

I need to exist, to become more. Here. In this world, I don't want another one.

FEMA

But you still doubting.

LOQUE

Oh, yeah.

Fema touches his erected cock with her foot.

FEMA

Can you feel that?

LOQUE

Yeeesss.

Fema covers her pussy with her hand. For a moment she stops, but step by step she carries herself, only to show him that under her hand there is still pulsating vibrant Ecstatic Life.

Loque is touching himself. He speaks between shivers of cock emotion.

FEMA

What do you think it is? [the seduction, the irresistibility]

LOQUE

I don't know. It's everything, it's nothing.

FEMA

Leave yourself out there and enter. I will show you.

LOQUE

What? No, this is not life. This is death.

FEMA

It's death of the thing that keeps you back. The one you try to overcome and become better. Here you can become everything.

Fema takes her hand away and uncovers her beautiful moist pussy.

LOQUE

I am just one. One at one time.

FEMA

No. You can be more. You can be all.

LOQUE

No... no... no... no... no... I need me. I need mine. I need myself.

He gets closer and closer to the pussy. We see his erected cock getting near the pussy.

From the back he trusts in her. And as he trusts again and again he **disappears**. Only her bent legs remain and then get under the frame, relaxing.

NEW

We discover that the legs are actually of Loque, he is on the ground naked in the same place as Fema, he is Fema, feeling dazed as in a dream. His erected cock sperms alone, without a touch on his body. He is confused, not understanding how to connect forms and objects to give a meaning.

Fema comes near him and puts her hand on his aching body and mind. She lets off her mouth a long spit to his mouth, and then she puts her hand into his mouth. Filling it. We see only her feet and hands. Never the face.

FEMA

No, you are not inside. You wanted to fool me. You wanted just to fake it. Then remain in your fake world. Its not the fucking. Its not your cock that makes you feel life. Its not the desire that creates yourself. You didn't believe. You were afraid. There are so many ways out there.
You'll be ok. But you will forget.
You will remain only what you desired.

She stands up and leaves. He remains dazed on the ground, looking for an understanding.

Alone in the room.

FEMA (CONT'D)

Come... come with me...